

Dear Editor:

In at least one student's opinion the Scorpion revelation last week was a healthy and progressive move.

Any remarks about the Order of the Scorpion available to the whole student body have heretofore consisted of vague and cautiously worded releases at closing chapels, in the handbook and, occasionally, in the *Salemite*. This has been true for the simple reason that non-members knew nothing about the organization and members were pledged to secrecy.

To be sure, students accept the statements that the Order renders invaluable service to the school and that membership is a high honor. In this case, the trust is well placed and the Order deserves all the good opinion given it. But, in essence, this has been a secondary evaluation which we did not arrive at ourselves, but accepted because it is the opinion of people who knew first hand and people whose judgment we all respect.

A policy of secrecy creates two possible impressions. One is modesty—or, as Dr. Jordan aptly put it, "that such service should not rebound to the personal glory of its individual members." This, I believe, is a commendable but an unnecessary precaution. Stee Gee representatives and Y cabinet members, for example, are known to everyone; yet no thinking student would accuse them of doing their work for the personal glory in it.

The alternate impression is an emphasis on group exclusiveness. This illusion is certainly not in accordance with the best intentions of the organization, and the present move has done much to dispell it. By revealing their membership, the girls in the Order of the Scorpion have made it closer and more tangible to the students at large, and for this they deserve our congratulations.

Peirano Aiken

Good Idea?

A few weeks ago an announcement by the Stee Gee profoundly shocked the student body of Salem. The idea of revealing a girl's name who had been placed on restriction is new on this campus, and for numerous reasons has not been well received. It goes against our grain of gracious and civilized living. We see no need for it. Also the reason behind their action was given in such general terms that anything could be surmised from it and the whole idea was misconstrued. Perhaps it was supposed to serve as a warning to others who might err but it was far from subtle, and among educated people (or those trying to reach this state) bluntness is not always effective.

A perplexed student

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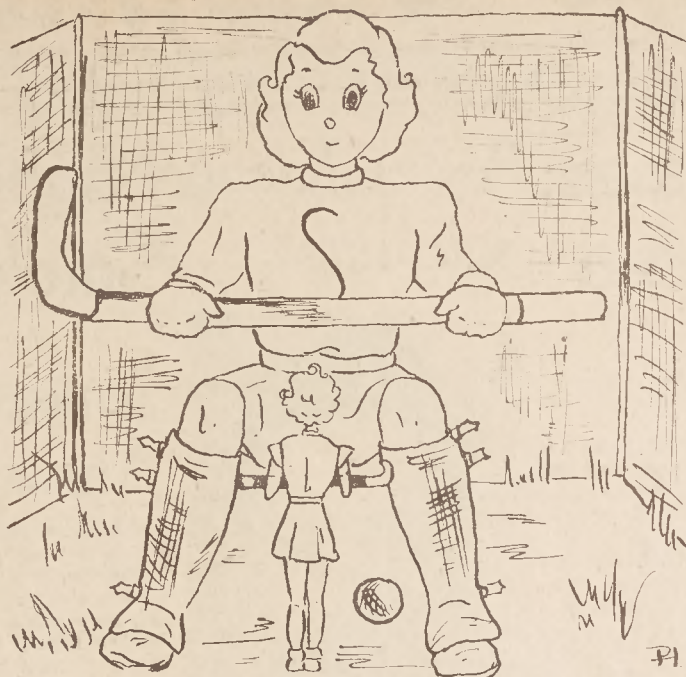
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LITTLE DITTO



Folderol Plays Chaperone; Sees Wholesome Movie

by Tootsie Gillespie

Folderol squared her shoulders, set her chin and spat sideways, hitting the High Judge between the sacroiliac and the referendum. High Judge sat up, looked a bit surprised, then said, "Now remember, Folderol, these freshmen are looking to you as a chaperone. Every brick in this lovely old place will be looking to you to see that their honor and tradition is not stained."

Five young heads and eleven bright eyes nodded assent, their chains rattling.

"We have checked on the movie and have come up with this decision: the Board of Freshmen, the Director of Confinement, Chairman of Penalty and the Board of White Virture have decided that "Sally at the Farm" is a wholesome enough movie for you, as well as these freshmen, to see".

Folderol squirmed, for she hated these salt-of-the-earth, back-to-nature reels.

"I have ordered a taxi, checked the driver's credentials and had a portion of the seats farthest away from the men's lounge reserved for you."

Folderol and five young faces looked disappointed.

And so it was that five assorted specimens of femininity and Folderol fell out of the Azure Egret cab in front of a movie. Slavering at the mouth, Folderol picked herself up, made a dash for the ticket window and looked around to take inventory. Her five little Hell's Angels, however, stood in front of a neighboring movie and gave cat-calls at a lush picture in front of two semi-reclined figures looking more than languidly at each other. The name underneath said "Lust in the Dust" or "You, Too, Can Get A Tan Fully Clothed", featuring Lushmouth Smooch and Bleach Voluptuous.

"Hey, c'mon, stupid! Git our tickets!" yelled a quaint little voice.

Folderol was dragged up to the window and before she knew it, she had bought six tickets, a Scrunchie, a Boopsie-Roll, a Double-Drool, two Vomit Bars and a gross of bubble gum. She had visions of begging alms on the courthouse square.

Once inside, she was immediately deserted for a row behind twelve Pine Curve seniors. She groped her dubious way down the aisle, stumbled over three legs thrown carelessly out the side, four empty boxes of popcorn, a seat detached from its back and one small infant yelling for its mother. Spent and exhausted, she fell into a seat and lapsed into articulate mumblings. During the course of two and a half hours, she saw raw nature run its course on the screen—three lovers were bludgeoned to death, the posse arrested the wrong man, the hero was killed, the heroine was strung up by her father-in-law, the western sun sank slowly on a scene of lust and suggestion, and one little Pine Curve senior left his seat three times.

Folderol jerked back to reality, uncrossed her eyes, shook popcorn hulls from her skirt and pushed past the panting crowd to gather her five charges. Instead, twenty-nine wild-eyed freshmen, followed by thirty wilder-eyed Pine Curvers, sprinted past her and made for the nearest speak-easy.

"You can g'wan home now, stupid!" they mouthed and Folderol, utterly despondent and disillusioned, sat down on the curb and wept the tears of one who knows.

Three days later, she was brought in horizontally by two men in white jackets, given three years double duty pruning the May Dell, varnishing floors in the Alumnae House, with instructions to sit through six hours a day of visual aids under Miss Grapejuice entitled, "Handling The Teen Age Personality".



No. 105 (Addison)

Saturday, Nov. 6.

... Id arbitror
Ad prime in vita esse utile, ut nequid nimis.
... Terence, Andria, 1, 60-61.

My friend Willa Honeycomb was last week producing two or three papers which she writes in her freshman year. They were well enough for a mere first year student; but, very unluckily, several of the words were wrongly spelt. Willa laughed this off at first as well as she could, but finding herself pushed on all sides, she told us, with a little passion, that she never liked pedantry in spelling and that she spelt like a Salemite and not like a scholar. Upon this Willa had recourse to her favorite topic of showing the narrowness, pride, and ignorance of pedants; which she carried so far at upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me on that subject.

A girl who has been brought up among books and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it everyone that does not know how to think out of her particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere frequenter of the smokehouse? Bar her the movies and an account of a Carolina weekend, and you strike her dumb. How many a pretty girl's knowledge lies all within the verge of a college fraternity? She will tell you the names of the principal favorites, repeat the cute sayings of a party boy, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of her observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all incidents, turns and revolutions in a game of bridge. When she has gone thus far, she has shown you the whole circle of her accomplishments, her parts are drained and she is disabled from any further conversation. What are these but rank pedants? And yet these are the girls who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the sports pedant, who always talks teams, making goals, playing games from one end of the year to the other. Every word she speaks invokes the athletic field; if you take her tennis shoes from her she has not a word to say for herself.

I might likewise mention the fashion pedant that is perpetually wrapt up in the New Look and lost in hem lengths. If you mention Montaldo's or Sosnik's she talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Harpers Bazaar*, you drop her. In short a mere Party Girl, a mere Athlete, a mere Clothes Horse, a mere Scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants, which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable; she has at least exercised her mind and head which is full though confused, so that a person who converses with her may often receive from her hints of things that are worth knowing and what he may turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst among the book pedants are such as are naturally endowed with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or discrimination.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than girls of solid and useful learning. To hear the titles of the books they claim knowledge of, you would take her for the glory of the commonwealth of letters, and the wonder of her age; when perhaps upon examination you find that she has only read a condensation in *Reader's Digest* or a review in *Time* magazine.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a person wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

D. S.